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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 5S

"Warriors' Gate"

by

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TRANSMISSION:

DOCTOR WHO: 'WARRIORS' GATE' EPISODE TWO

CAST:

Doctor  
Romana  
Adric  
K9

Rorvik  
Packard  
Lane  
Sagan  
Nestor  
Aldo  
Waldo  
Gundan

Lazlo (N/S)  
Thark bodies  
Gundans (N/S)

SETS:

Int. Old Banqueting Hall (with Minstrels Gallery)  
Int. Tardis Console Room  
Ext. Tardis in Void  
Ext. Void by Privateer  
Int. Entrance Hatchway  
Ext. Void

Int. Bridge of Privateer  
Int. Hold " "  
Int. Storeroom of Privateer  
Int. Corridors of Privateer

Ext. Gateway  
Int. Passage off Banqueting Hall



TELECINE 35mm

Suppose Cam

Opening  
Titles

END TELECINE 35mm

1. INT. THE OLD BANQUETING HALL.  
DAY.

(THE DOCTOR IS IN THE  
MIDDLE OF THE ROOM,  
SURVEYING THE  
BATTLEFIELD.

FROM WHERE HE IS  
STANDING, A LINE OF  
FOOTPRINTS IS VISIBLE IN  
THE DUST.

THE DOCTOR FOLLOWS THE  
FOOTPRINTS, UNTIL THEY  
LEAD HIM TO ONE OF THE  
UNGUARDED MIRRORS, WHERE  
THEY STOP DEAD.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT THE  
FOOTPRINTS AND PUZZLES.  
HE PUTS HIS GOOD HAND  
AGAINST THE FLAT,  
UNYIELDING SURFACE.

HE NOTICES THE MANACLE,  
AND STOOPS TO PICK IT UP,  
SURPRISED AT ITS WEIGHT.

BEHIND HIM, THE HEAD OF A  
GUNDAN BEGINS TO TURN --  
STIFFLY, AS IF FOR THE  
FIRST TIME IN AN AGE.

THE DOCTOR STRAIGHTENS UP  
WITH DIFFICULTY -- THE  
MANACLE IS VERY HEAVY.

HE WEIGHS IT IN HIS HAND,  
WONDERING.

THE GUNDAN TAKE A STIFF  
PACE FORWARD, CLOSING ON  
THE DOCTOR. ITS HAND IS  
A CLAW, JERKING UP TO  
BRING A SAVAGE AXELIKE  
WEAPON TO BEAR.

THE DOCTOR STANDS IN THE  
ARCHWAY, ALL HIS  
ATTENTION ON THE MANACLE.  
HE DOESN'T SEE THE  
REFLECTION OF THE GUNDAN  
AS IT APPROACHES:

LIFTING ITS AXE HIGH  
ABOVE ITS HEAD.

BUT AS THE DOCTOR RAISES  
THE MANACLE TO CATCH THE  
LIGHT FROM THE MIRROR HE  
SUDDENLY NOTICES THE  
GUNDAN'S REFLECTION.

ALMOST TOO LATE! THE AXE  
IS ALREADY ON ITS WAY  
DOWN.

THE DOCTOR SIDESTEPS IN  
TIME TO SEE THE AXE SLICE  
SMOOTHLY THROUGH THE  
SURFACE OF THE MIRROR,  
AND EMERGE WITHOUT  
DAMAGE)

DOCTOR: [SLIPPING THE  
MANACLE INTO HIS POCKET] That was  
clever. Do that again.

(THE GUNDAN SEEMS OUT OF  
BALANCE FOR A MOMENT, ITS  
RESPONSES LAGGING A  
SECOND OR TWO, AND THE  
DOCTOR HAS JUST ENOUGH  
TIME TO SKIP OUT OF THE  
WAY BEFORE IT COMES



AROUND AGAIN.

THE DOCTOR AND THE GUNDAN  
CIRCLE EACH OTHER  
WARILY.

THE DOCTOR GLANCES AT  
SOMETHING BEYOND THE  
GUNDAN; AN ARRAY OF THREE  
EIGHT-FOOT PIKES ON THE  
WALL. HE TRIES TO  
DIRECT THE CIRCLING  
AROUND THAT WAY)

DOCTOR: It's obvious you're  
only a machine. Anything with half  
a brain would know it could just  
wade in and finish me off.

(THE DOCTOR IS LEVEL WITH  
THE PIKES. HE REACHES  
OUT, GRABS ONE, SWINGS IT  
ROUND, AND USES IT TO  
PINION THE GUNDAN AGAINST  
THE WALL.

THE GUNDAN RESPONDS WITH  
A SERIES OF WILD SWINGS,  
THE AXE FLASHING AROUND  
THE PIKE.

AT THE LAST SWING THE  
DOCTOR STAGGERS BACK.  
HIS PIKE HAS NOW BEEN  
REDUCED TO A FOUR-FOOT  
LENGTH OF WOOD WITH A  
SPLINTERED END)

DOCTOR: This could be a  
short friendship.

(HE GRABS A SECOND PIKE  
AND REPEATS THE  
PROCEDURE)

2. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. DAY.

(ROMANA AND ADRIC ARE  
WATCHING THE NEWCOMERS ON  
THE VIEWER)

ROMANA: If they've got a  
mass detector, they may have  
compatible memory wafers.

ADRIC: Let's go out and ask  
them.

ROMANA: Trust them, you  
mean? Remember what Biroc said.

ADRIC: Why believe Biroc?

ROMANA: Because he was  
running. [HEADING FOR THE DOOR]  
Keep your eyes on that screen.

ADRIC: What are we going to  
do?

ROMANA: If they're all  
right, I'll give you a signal and  
you can come out. Otherwise, stay  
put. Especially if I do this...

(SHE STRETCHES HER HANDS  
OVER HER HEAD AND STAND  
ON TIP TOE)



3. EXT. THE TARDIS IN THE VOID. DAY.

(RORVIK, PACKARD AND LANE  
CLOSE IN ON THE TARDIS,  
LANE LEADING WITH THE  
MASS DETECTOR, WHICH HE  
WIELDS LIKE SOME HUGE  
STRANGE WEAPON.

BUT AT THAT MOMENT THE  
TARDIS DOOR OPENS AND  
ROMANA EMERGES)

ROMANA: Hello.

RORVIK: Who are you?

ROMANA:  
Romanadveratrelundar.

PACKARD: Are you alone?

ROMANA: Not now you're here?  
Can I help you.

RORVIK: Or can we help you?

ROMANA: It depends.  
[ADMIRING LANE'S EQUIPMENT] Isn't  
that a mass detector. Rather handy  
for finding your way around in all  
this. [LOOKING OVER LANE'S  
SHOULDER AT THE READ-OUT; TO LANE]  
Where are you from?

LANE: Our ship. The warp  
drive's packed up.

RORVIK: She doesn't mean that. [TO ROMANA] We're traders. Do you know what a Thark looks like?

ROMANA: Would that be a sort of leonine ectomorph, with a lot of hair?

PACKARD: That's him -- our navigator.

RORVIK: Have you seen him?

ROMANA: Vision is subjective. Particularly if the object is loosely connected to the time lines.

RORVIK: What do you know about the time lines?

RORVIK: My ship travels through them. So does yours.

PACKARD: [GUARDEDLY] How do you know that?

ROMANA: It must do. That's how we've all got stuck here. We're in the theoretical medium between the striations of the continuum.

PACKARD: Stuck? Who says we're stuck?

RORVIK: Never mind that. Biroc -- where did he go?



(ROMANA LOOKS AROUND THE  
UNIFORM BLANKNESS AND  
SHRUGS)

ROMANA:                   That's an  
interesting philosophical question.

(PACKARD AND RORVIK  
FOLLOW ROMANA'S GAZE  
AROUND THE DIRECTIONLESS  
NOTHINGNESS.  
THE REALISATION OF WHAT  
SHE MEANS BRINGS  
CONVERSATION TO A HALT  
FOR A MOMENT)

4. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. DAY.

(ADRIC AND K9 ARE IN  
FRONT OF THE SCANNER  
WATCHING ROMANA'S  
DEALINGS WITH RORVIK,  
PACKARD AND LANE)

ADRIC: [TO K9] They may  
have compatible memory wafers.  
That's what Romana said.

K9: Wafers memory  
compatible have may they.

ADRIC: [ALARMED] What?

K9: Query imprecise.  
Additional data required.



5. EXT. THE TARDIS IN THE VOID. DAY.

ROMANA: [TO LANE] What's  
the matter with your warp drive?

PACKARD: Nothing we can't  
fix.

RORVIK: No, wait a minute.  
[TO ROMANA] You know about warp  
drive?

ROMANA: What are you using?  
Continuum warp or implicate  
theory?

LANE: Supra light-speed  
with dampers.

ROMANA: It's probably your  
toroidal time dilators. They're  
usually the first to go.

(SHE GLANCES IN THE  
DIRECTION OF THE TARDIS  
AND SEES:

ADRIC PEEPING OUT THROUGH  
THE DOOR)

ROMANA: [TO RORVIK] Which  
way's your ship?

(SHE DOES AN EXAGGERATED  
YAWN, STRETCHING HER  
HANDS ABOVE HER HEAD: THE  
SIGNAL TO ADRIC TO STAY  
WHERE HE IS.

ADRIC NODS, AND THE DOOR

CLOSES

PACKARD AND RORVIK POINT  
IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS.

ROMANA LOOKS OVER LANE'S  
SHOULDER AT THE MASS  
DETECTOR READ-OUT AND  
POINTS INTO THE VOID)

ROMANA:                    This way. Come on.

(SHE GOES OFF WITH LANE  
AND THE MASS DETECTOR.

BUT ALMOST IMMEDIATELY  
THE TARDIS DOOR OPENS  
AGAIN A FRACTION, AND  
ADRIC PEEPS ROUND TO  
WATCH HER GO.

HE'S ALMOST SEEN BY  
RORVIK, WHO'S TAKING THE  
OPPPORTUNITY TO GIVE THE  
TARDIS A FINAL  
LOOK-OVER.

PACKARD APPROACHES  
RORVIK)

PACKARD:                    [FOLLOWING; TO  
RORVIK] We don't want her snooping  
round.

RORVIK:                    You don't think so?

PACKARD:                    No.

RORVIK:                    Good job you're not  
running this outfit. I think she's  
a time-sensitive.



(THEY MOVE OFF, ADRIC  
WATCHING THEM GO.

K9'S HEAD APPEARS ROUND  
THE DOOR)

ADRIC:                      Time-sensitive! Is  
she?

K9:                        Wafers memory  
compatible have may they.

ADRIC:                      Poor K9! You've got  
it all backwards.

(THEY GO BACK INSIDE)

6. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. DAY.

K9: [ENTERING WITH  
ADRIC] Quote "it's a poor sort of  
memory that only works backwards,  
the Queen remarked." Mistress  
fetches memory wafers. Equation  
reversible.

ADRIC: Memory wafers  
fetching your mistress?

K9: Correct. Memory  
wafers assessed as inducement or  
bait. Inferred time-sensitivity of  
mistress prized by strangers.  
Alert. Danger.

ADRIC: Romana's in danger?  
We'd better go after her.  
[REMEMBERING K9'S CONDITION] Oh, I  
forgot. You stay here.

K9: Orientation in the  
void dangerous without computer  
assistance.

ADRIC: But are you up to  
it?

K9: Question irrelevant.  
This unit will function at  
practical optimum.

(THEY MOVE TO THE DOOR)

7. INT. THE OLD BANQUETING HALL. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR HAS THE  
GUNDAN PINIONED AGAINST  
THE WALL WITH THE LAST OF  
THE THREE PIKES)

DOCTOR:            You'd be just the  
chap to give me a guided tour of  
this place, if you weren't so keen  
to mince me into matchsticks.

(THE GUNDAN CONTINUES ITS  
WILD CHOPPING)

DOCTOR:            I don't suppose you  
happen to know the way out into  
N-Space. I've an idea it's around  
here somewhere.

(THE GUNDAN'S AXE  
DEMOLISHES THE DOCTOR'S  
LAST PIKE.

HE TURNS TO RUN, AND  
HEADS STRAIGHT INTO:

A SECOND ADVANCING  
GUNDAN)

DOCTOR:            Ah, bookends!



8. EXT. THE VOID BY THE PRIVATEER. DAY.

(THE MISTS SWIRL AND PART, AND THE DIM BULKY OUTLINE OF THE PRIVATEER IS SEEN FOR THE FIRST TIME; THE DETAILS ARE INDISTINCT AND HAZY THROUGH THE FOG.

THE NOSE TOWERS HIGH ABOVE THE GROUND AT AN ANGLE, AND THE BASE IS WIDE; IT'S LIKE LOOKING UP AT A GIANT FROG ABOUT TO SPRING.

RORVIK'S PARTY, RETURNING WITH ROMANA, STOP FOR A MOMENT)

RORVIK: [PROUDLY] That's her.

ROMANA: It does have a certain legendary quality. What is she? Passenger transport?

RORVIK: Bulk freighter. Full of questions, aren't you?

9. INT. ENTRANCE HATCHWAY. DAY.

(THE MEMBERS OF THE PARTY  
CLIMB A SHALLOW RAMP AND  
ENTER THE HOLD. PACKARD  
IS THE LAST IN, AND HE  
STOPS BY A SMALL  
INTERCOM)

PACKARD: Party aboard. Make  
safe the hatchway.

SAGAN: [OVER THE INTERCOM;  
TOTALLY UNCOMPREHENDING] What?

PACKARD: [WEARILY] Close the  
door on the hold.

(THE AIRLOCK CLOSES.  
ROMANA WATCHES IT, NOT  
EXACTLY APPREHENSIVE BUT  
AWARE THAT SHE'S BEING  
SHUT IN; BEHIND HER, LANE  
IS SHRUGGING OUT OF THE  
MASS DETECTOR RIG)

RORVIK: This way.

(LEAVING LANE BEHIND,  
THEY WALK THROUGH AN  
ARCHWAY AND OUT OF THE  
HOLD)

10. EXT. THE VOID. DAY.

(THE EMPTY, MISTY  
LANDSCAPE OF THE VOID.  
K9 ENTERS, FOLLOWED BY  
ADRIC)

ADRIC: [POINTING AWAY FROM  
THE DIRECTION IN WHICH THEY ARE  
MOVING] I thought Romana went that  
way.

K9: Mass detection  
circuits indicate maximum reading  
on current vector. Probability of  
error.....

(K9 STOPS, COMPUTING  
FURIOUSLY)

ADRIC: [ALARMED] What is  
the probability of error?

K9: Re-computing...  
Probability of error eighty-seven  
point seven nine four eight  
percent.

ADRIC: But that's terrible,  
K9!

K9: The accuracy of this  
unit has deteriorated below zero  
utility.

ADRIC: You mean you're  
worse than useless?

K9: Affirmative, young  
Master.



11. INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE PRIVATEER.  
DAY.

(NESTOR IS AT HIS POST,  
STILL LOBBING BALLS OF  
PAPER.

OVER TOWARDS THE SLIDING  
DOOR, SAGAN IS SITTING  
ALONE; HE'S WORKING ON A  
HALF-FINISHED HOUSE OF  
CARDS.

BY THE NAVIGATOR'S  
POSITION WITH ITS CHAINS  
AND RESTRAINTS, ALDO AND  
WALDO ARE SITTING SIDE BY  
SIDE, STARING AT THE  
OPPOSITE WALL)

ALDO: I told him straight  
out.

WALDO: What, Rorvik?

ALDO: The state of that  
room. Count me out, I said.

WALDO: You said that? What  
did he say?

(THE SLIDING DOOR OPENS,  
CREATING A DRAUGHT THAT  
FELLS SAGAN'S HOUSE OF  
CARDS)

NESTOR: Watch out. It's  
him.

(RORVIK IS STANDING IN  
THE DOORWAY)

RORVIK: [TO WALDO AND ALDO]  
You two -- get off my bridge. [TO  
SAGAN; INDICATING THE CARDS] Stow  
that junk.

(ROMANA, PACKARD AND LANE  
FOLLOW HIM INTO THE  
ROOM)

RORVIK: ...and this is the  
bridge. Nerve centre of the whole  
operation.

ROMANA: What operation?  
What are you actually up to?

RORVIK: More questions?

ROMANA: But not many  
answers.

RORVIK: These are the lads  
with all the answers. My team.  
Best-drilled you can get, efficient  
as anything on the spaceways.  
Isn't that right, lads?

(THE RESULT CERTAINLY  
ISN'T THE ROUSING CHEER  
THAT RORVIK HAS SUMMONED  
-- BUT HE DOESN'T SEEM TO  
NOTICE)

RORVIK: Nothing these boys  
can't do when they put their minds  
to it. Look what Captain Rorvik's  
brought you, lads. A new  
navigator.

ROMANA: Me? I can't  
navigate this.

RORVIK: You'll surprise  
yourself. [TO THE CREW] Fix her  
up.

(SAGAN, LANE AND PACKARD  
GRAB ROMANA AND DRAG HER  
INTO THE NAVIGATOR'S  
SEAT, STIFLING HER  
OBJECTIONS WITH A HAND  
OVER HER MOUTH.

WALDO AND ALDO LOOK AT  
EACH OTHER WITH MILD  
APPREHENSION)

ALDO: Navigator? I  
wouldn't give her five minutes.

WALDO: Want to bet?

ALDO: You?

(WALDO AND ALDO SHAKE  
THEIR HEADS)



12. INT. THE OLD BANQUETING HALL. DAY.

(THE TWO ADVANCING GUNDANS ARE DRIVING THE DOCTOR BACK AGAINST THE BANQUETING TABLE.

WHEN HE REACHES IT THE GUNDANS ARE WITHIN AN AXE-LENGTH OF HIM AND OF EACH OTHER. AS THEY SIMULTANEOUSLY RAISE THEIR AXES FOR THE COUP DE GRACE THE DOCTOR ADVANCES, STEPPING IN BETWEEN THEM)

DOCTOR: Do you two know each other? May I introduce...

(THE GUNDANS SWIVEL TOWARDS HIM, AND EACH OTHER, AS THE AXES FALL.

THE DOCTOR SLIPS UNDER THE TABLE. THE TWO GUNDANS SLICE EACH OTHER'S HEADS AND FALL TO THE GROUND.

THE DOCTOR'S FACE APPEARS FROM BENEATH THE MOULDERING TABLECLOTH, AND HE SURVEYS THE NOW DEFUNCT PAIR OF ROBOT WARRIORS, WHOSE INNER WORKINGS ARE NOW PARTLY VISIBLE)

DOCTOR: Dear me... Cut each other dead.

(HE TAKES OUT A SMALL PENCIL TORCH AND REACHES

FORWARD TO INSPECT THE  
EXPOSED MECHANISM OF HEAD  
OF ONE OF THEM)

DOCTOR: I wonder... Yes...  
somewhere in there... Memory  
wafers.

13. EXT. THE TARDIS IN THE VOID. DAY.

(ADRIC AND K9 HAVE COME  
TO A DEAD HALT IN THE  
VOID.

ADRIC IS SITTING ON K9,  
STARING UNHAPPILY INTO  
THE NOTHINGNESS)

ADRIC: Perhaps you could  
teach me to detect mass?

K9: [FROM BENEATH ADRIC]  
Zero feasibility, young master.  
Mass detection dependent on  
articulated sensors. [HE WAGGLES  
HIS "EARS"]

ADRIC: [LOOKING DOWN WITH  
INTEREST] Oh, I see. You do it  
with your ears. [WITH A SUDDEN  
BRIGHT THOUGHT] I suppose you must  
use triangulation?

K9: Affirmative, young  
master.

ADRIC: Then your accuracy  
depends on the distance between  
your sensors?

K9: Deduction is  
correct. To anticipate logically  
consequent question: affirmative  
-- articulated sensors on this unit  
are removeable.

ADRIC: Good deduction, K9.  
Parts of you are still working very  
well.



(ADRIC SELECTS ONE OF  
K9'S "EARS" AND REMOVES  
IT)

K9: Recommend  
triangulation base be increased to  
eighty meters.

(ADRIC GETS UP AND WALKS  
AWAY SLOWLY, CARRYING THE  
"EAR")

ADRIC: Right. You stay  
where you are.

(K9 REMAINS STATIONARY  
FOR A MOMENT AFTER ADRIC  
HAS GONE, BUT THEN TURNS  
QUICKLY ROUND IN A CIRCLE  
IN A STATE OF HIGH  
EXCITEMENT)

K9: Mass detection error  
resolved. Resume.

(AND HE GOES OFF AT FULL  
PELT IN A DIRECTION AWAY  
FROM THE ONE ADRIC HAS  
TAKEN)

14. INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE PRIVATEER.  
DAY.

(ROMANA IS FIRMLY  
STRAPPED INTO THE  
HARNESS, WITH LITTLE MORE  
VISIBLE OF HER THAN HER  
ANGRY EYES OVER THE FACE  
MASK)

RORVIK: [TO SAGAN,  
INDICATING THE CONTROL PANEL]  
Better start her off at seventy.

(SAGAN ACTIVATES A LEVER  
THAT SENDS CURRENT INTO  
ROMANA'S HARNESS. HER  
EYES CLOSE.

THE BLANK IMAGE ON THE  
SCREEN ABOVE HER HEAD  
FLICKERS, DIMS, FLICKERS  
AGAIN, AND THEN BEGINS A  
REGULAR PULSATION)

PACKARD: [ASIDE; TO RORVIK]  
Are you sure she's a time  
sensitive?

RORVIK: [FLATLY] No.

PACKARD: If she isn't she'll  
burn to a frazzle.

RORVIK: That's how you  
tell.

(THE BLANK WHITENESS OF  
THE SCREEN BEGINS TO  
SWIRL. PACKARD AND  
RORVIK STUDY THE SCREEN,

UNCERTAIN WHETHER THEY'RE  
SEEING A PROJECTED IMAGE  
OR JUST ELECTRONIC NOISE.  
THEN:)

PACKARD:                   That's it. Look.

(A WAVERING PROJECTED  
PICTURE -- THE MISTS OF  
THE VOID, WITH SOME  
FOREGROUND DETAIL OF THE  
SHIP)

RORVIK:                   [DISAPPOINTED] It's  
not very good. [TO SAGAN ON THE  
CONTROLS] Step it up.  
Ninety-five.

(SAGAN OPERATES THE  
CONTROLS.

ROMANA'S EYES ARE STILL  
CLOSED, BUT WE CAN READ  
THE PAIN ON WHAT LITTLE  
WE SEE OF HER FACE.

RORVIK APPEARS TO ABANDON  
THE IDEA OF GETTING  
ANYTHING OUT OF HIS NEW  
NAVIGATOR. HE CALLS THE  
CREW AROUND HIM)

RORVIK:                   Everybody, here.  
Shut up and listen.

(HE FAILS TO NOTICE THAT  
THE SCREEN SHOWS AN  
INDISTINCT SHAPE IN THE  
VOID)



RORVIK: The girl was a long shot. She isn't working out, so we'll have to start reviving some of our precious cargo. That'll lose us a lot of bonuses if it goes wrong, and it will. We'll just have to keep at it till we get something we can use. This is a democratic ship -- right? So I want to hear now from anyone with any different idea.

(RORVIK LOOKS AROUND THE SILENT CREW. AT FIRST HE TAKES THEIR SILENCE FOR ASSENT, AND IS ABOUT TO SPEAK AGAIN WHEN HE REALISES THAT ALL EYES ARE GLUED TO THE SCREEN BEHIND HIM.

HE TURNS ROUND AND SEES:

THE MISTS THAT VEIL THE SCREEN PICTURE ARE CLEARING, TO REVEAL:

THE GATEWAY)

RORVIK: What in the name of all that's sacred is... that??

(THE PICTURE WAVERS, THEN BEGINS TO FADE AGAIN)

RORVIK: Quick, boost that voltage. Nestor, did you get a fix.

NESTOR: It's not a time picture. It's geographical.

PACKARD: What? Something out there now?

(ONCE MORE THE PICTURE OF THE GATEWAY APPEARS ON THE SCREEN. FOR A MOMENT IT IS STRONG AND CLEAR.

WE SEE ROMANA'S FACE. CLEARLY THE STRAIN IS IMMENSE. UNDER THE HUGE VOLTAGE HER EYES HAVE OPENED, WIDE AND STARING)

RORVIK: Expedition gear.  
We're going out to it. Move.

(THE PICTURE SUDDENLY EVAPORATES, AND ROMANA COLLAPSES IN THE HARNESS.

RORVIK RIPS OFF ROMANA'S FACE MASK AND LOOKS AT HER)

RORVIK: [TO PACKARD] Time sensitive, eh? You do get some stupid notions.

15. INT. THE OLD BANQUETING HALL. DAY.

(THE TWO DEFUNCT GUNDANS  
NOW INDEED LOOK LIKE A  
PAIR OF BOOKENDS, THE  
DOCTOR HAVING PROPPED  
THEM UP BACK TO BACK.

THE DOCTOR'S FACE APPEARS  
ABOVE THE HEADS, AS HE  
PEERS INTO THE INNER  
WORKINGS OF ONE OF THEM.

WITH A PAIR OF TWEEZERS  
HE EXTRACTS A MEMORY  
WAFER, LOOKS AT IT WITH  
DISAPPOINTMENT, AND SLIPS  
IT INTO HIS FOB POCKET)

DOCTOR: Poor things weren't  
much better off than K9.

(AS HE IS REACHING FOR  
ANOTHER COMPONENT INSIDE  
THE GUNDAN SHELL A SUDDEN  
SPARK MOMENTARILY  
ACTIVATES A CIRCUIT.

THE SLURRED VOICE OF THE  
GUNDAN ECHOES ROUND THE  
HALL)

GUNDAN: No Thark shall  
outlive the Day of the Feast.



15a

13. INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE  
PRIVATEER. DAY.

(ROMANA IS STILL  
UNCONSCIOUS IN THE  
NAVIGATOR'S HARNESS)

PACKARD: [TO ALDO AND WALDO]  
Right, stow her below.

(WE NOTICE THAT SAGAN,  
PACKARD, RORVIK, LANE AND  
TWO OTHER MEMBERS OF THE  
CREW ARE DRESSED FOR  
OUTDOORS, CHECKING THEIR  
EQUIPMENT AND PULLING  
BACKPACKS OVER THEIR  
SHOULDERS READY FOR THEIR  
EXPEDITION TO THE  
GATEWAY)

RORVIK: Leave her. Let's  
get this moving.

PACKARD: What's the hurry?

RORVIK: Up to you, Packard.  
Personally I think we've just seen  
the way out.

(THEY MOVE TO THE DOOR)

16. EXT. THE VOID BY THE PRIVATEER. DAY.

(THE AIRLOCK DOOR OPENS AND LANE, WITH THE MASS DETECTOR, EMERGES INTO THE VOID, FOLLOWED BY PACKARD, SAGAN, RORVIK AND TWO OTHER CREW MEMBERS.

ALDO AND WALDO STAND IN THE ENTRANCE, LOOKING PATHETICALLY UNDER-EQUIPPED IN COMPARISON WITH THE OTHERS. THEY ARE NOT DRESSED FOR THE EXPEDITION.

ALDO SUPPORTS WALDO)

RORVIK: [TURNING ROUND] Not joining us, gentlemen?

WALDO: Well, Captain, it's like this. The string in me leg's gone again.

ALDO: That's the truth, Captain. I saw it go.

RORVIK: Tragic. All right, you'd better break out one of the cargo and set it up for revival.

WALDO: Revival. With no facilities. We can't do that.

RORVIK: I don't expect you to. We'll take care of it when we get back. Just set it up.

(THE AIRLOCK DOOR CLOSES  
ON THE PAIR OF THEM)



17. EXT. THE VOID. DAY.

(ADRIC IS STANDING ALONE  
IN THE VOID, HOLDING K9'S  
EAR IN ONE HAND)

ADRIC: [CALLING] K9?  
K9?

(HE LOOKS AT THE EAR,  
THEN IN DESPERATION  
SPEAKS INTO IT)

ADRIC: K9?

18. INT. THE OLD BANQUETING HALL. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR IS CROUCHED DOWN WITH THE TWO GUNDANS, THEIR HEADS NOW WIRED TOGETHER. FROM ONE OF THEM THE EERIE, SLURRED ELECTRONIC VOICE REVERBERATES:)

GUNDAN: We are Gundan, we exist to kill. Slaves made the Gundan, to kill the brutes who rule.

DOCTOR: Which particular brutes are those?

GUNDAN: The Gundan were sent where no slaves could go. We faced the Time Winds and we lived. They had only the Gateway to flee for safety.

DOCTOR: Gateway? Where?

GUNDAN: Gateway. [SLOWING DOWN] Gateway... Gateway...

DOCTOR: Gateway to what?

(THE DOCTOR STANDS UP, RELINQUISHING THE EXPIRED GUNDAN)

DOCTOR: Just as it was getting interesting. If only we had another energy source.

(AT THIS MOMENT K9 COMES  
TRUNDLING INTO THE  
BANQUETING HALL)

K9:  
orders.

Orders, Master,

DOCTOR:  
we need.

K9! Just the chap



19. INT. THE HOLD OF THE PRIVATEER. DAY.

(WE ARE DEEP INSIDE THE SHIP, AND THE HOLD IS IN DARKNESS, UNTIL THE DOOR IS THROWN OPEN WITH A CLANG.

THE SHAMBLING OUTLINES OF ALDO AND WALDO ARE FRAMED AGAINST THE LIGHT.

ALDO IS CARRYING A PORTABLE FLASHLIGHT, UNDER THE BEAM OF WHICH HE SURVEYS IN TURN THE SHROUDED OCCUPANTS OF THE ROWS OF SHALLOW BUNKS.

ALDO AND WALDO PAUSE, AND LOOK AT EACH OTHER)

ALDO: [TO WALDO] Heads  
you choose.

20. EXT. THE VOID. DAY.

(A SPINNING COIN. WE  
RECOGNISE THE GOLDEN COIN  
ADRIC USED IN THE  
TARDIS.

ADRIC CATCHES IT AND  
CONSULTS IT, BEFORE  
MARCHING RESOLUTELY OFF  
IN THE DIRECTION THIS  
RANDOM SELECTION HAS  
SUGGESTED)

21. INT. THE STOREROOM OF THE PRIVATEER.  
DAY.

(ALDO IS WHEELING IN A  
SHROUDED FIGURE ON A  
TROLLEY.

WALDO IS JURY-RIGGING  
SOME ELECTRONIC APPARATUS  
WHICH THEY NOW BEGIN TO  
ATTACH TO THE FIGURE ON  
THE TROLLEY.

THE WORK IS ROUTINE; THEY  
DO IT WITHOUT FINESSE OR  
-- PERHAPS --  
UNDERSTANDING)

WALDO: That's the way it  
goes, I think.

ALDO: Other way round.

WALDO: Doesn't matter. It  
works either way.

ALDO: Ah? What happens  
next.

WALDO: [THE EXPERT] Close  
down that solenoid, and you're  
away. It's not as complicated as  
it looks.

ALDO: Go on, then.

WALDO: Well... Better  
leave it to them.

ALDO: How do you know so  
much about it. You ever seen it  
done?



WALDO: Not on a ship.  
Usually something goes wrong. They  
don't like it.

ALDO: Because it's their  
bonus up the spout.

WALDO: Yes, but we're on  
the all-in contract

(THEY EXCHANGE A LOOK,  
THE SAME THOUGHT IN EACH  
OF THEIR MINDS.

TOGETHER THEY REACH FOR  
THE SWITCH)

22. INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE PRIVATEER.  
DAY.

(ROMANA IS STILL STRAPPED  
INTO THE GRUESOME  
NAVIGATION HARNESS.

A HIDEOUS SCREAM ECHOES  
THROUGH THE CORRIDORS OF  
THE SHIP.

ROMANA OPENS HER EYES,  
LISTENING WITH  
SYMPATHETIC PAIN AS THE  
SCREAM IS REPEATED.

SHE LOOKS AROUND,  
BECOMING AWARE OF HER  
PLIGHT, AND STRUGGLES TO  
GET FREE)

23. INT. THE STOREROOM OF THE PRIVATEER.  
DAY.

(WALDO AND ALDO CRINGE  
BACK IN ALARM, STARING AT  
THE THRASHING FIGURE  
BENEATH THE SMOKING  
SHROUD)

WALDO: Switch it off.

ALDO: [FROZEN WITH FEAR]  
You switch it off.

(WALDO REACHES OVER AND  
TEARS THE FLEX OUT OF THE  
SOCKET.

THE FIGURE IMMEDIATELY  
GOES LIMP. THEY LOOK AT  
IT DOUBTFULLY.

WALDO NOTICES THE  
SMOLDERING FLEX IN HIS  
HAND. HE BLOWS IT OUT  
DELICATELY AND LOOPS IT  
OVER THE END OF THE  
TROLLEY.

ALDO REMOVES THE  
NOW-DISABLED PLUG FROM  
ITS WALL SOCKET AND STOWS  
THIS SINGED EVIDENCE INTO  
HIS POCKET.

THEY BACK DISCREETLY OUT  
OF THE ROOM)



24. INT. THE OLD BANQUETING HALL. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR HAS  
CANNABALISED ONE OF THE  
DEFUNCT GUNDANS TO  
REBUILD THE OTHER)

DOCTOR: Sorry to have to ask  
you to do this, K9, but this stuff  
about the gateway is terribly  
important.

(K9 ROCKS BACKWARDS AND  
FORWARDS, DEMURRING)

K9: Energy levels  
critical.

DOCTOR: It's all very  
critical, old chap. This could be  
the way out of here.

(K9 ADVANCES AND PLUGS  
HIS PROBE INTO THE  
UNGAINLY CONCOCTION)

DOCTOR: Good dog. Power  
up.

(K9'S EYES FLASH)

DOCTOR: Now what's all this  
about the Gateway?

25. EXT. THE GATEWAY. DAY.

(RORVIK AND HIS MOTLEY  
CREW PICK THEIR WAY  
THROUGH THE RUBBLE THAT  
SURROUNDS THE PILLARS AS  
THEY ADVANCE TOWARDS THE  
RUINED ARCH.

THE PARTY PAUSES,  
SURVEYING THE PLACE.

WITH AN IMPATIENT GESTURE  
RORVIK SIGNALS THEM TO  
FOLLOW HIM AS HE MOVES ON  
THROUGH THE GATEWAY)

26. INT. THE OLD BANQUETING HALL. DAY.

(THE GUNDAN IS SPEAKING)

GUNDAN: There were always slaves from the beginning of time. The masters descended out of the air, riding the winds, and took men as their prize, growing powerful on their stolen labours and their looted skills.

DOCTOR: That's jolly interesting. But perhaps you could get on with that bit about the gateway.

GUNDAN: The masters created an empire, draining the life of the ordinary world.

DOCTOR: Your ordinary world. I'm from N-space. Speaking of which...

GUNDAN: They came from the gateway....

DOCTOR: Ah.

(THE GUNDAN FALLS  
SILENT.)

THE DOCTOR LEANS FORWARD  
AND MAKES AN ADJUSTMENT  
INSIDE THE GUNDAN'S  
HEAD)



DOCTOR: We seem to be rather losing the thread... Er.. you were saying about this gateway?

GUNDAN: There are three physical gateways. The whole of this domain. The ancient arch. The mirrors.

DOCTOR: It's not actually a physical gateway I'm looking for.

GUNDAN: All the gateways are one.

(RORVIK AND HIS PARTY HAVE ARRIVED IN THE BANQUETING HALL, AND NOW STAND IN A SEMICIRCLE BEHIND THE DOCTOR, WHO REMAINS OBLIVIOUS OF THEIR PRESENCE.

RORVIK RAISES A FINGER TO HIS LIPS, SIGNALLING FOR SILENCE.

HE ADVANCES ON THE DOCTOR.

DOCTOR: So it is here. The way out!

RORVIK: Something we're all interested in, I think.

(THE DOCTOR SPINS ROUND, RISING TO HIS FEET)

DOCTOR: Hello. [TO THE  
GUNDAN] You seem to have whipped  
up quite an audience.

RORVIK: Let's have the rest  
of the recital.

DOCTOR: Unfortunately he's  
not very sure of his lines.

(RORVIK PULLS OUT A GUN  
AND TRAINS IT ON THE  
DOCTOR)

RORVIK: Prompt him. Go on.  
More.

DOCTOR: Sorry to disappoint  
you, but he's completely run down.  
Eh, K9? By the way, this is K9,  
and I'm the Doctor. We just  
happened to be passing the area  
and...

(K9 IS WAGGING HIS TAIL.  
AS IF BOOSTED BY THIS  
SLIGHT SURGE OF ENERGY  
THE GUNDAN BEGINS TO TALK  
AGAIN)

GUNDAN: There are three  
physical gateways, and the three  
are one. This is the place from  
which the masters came. Here a  
great empire once stood, ruling all  
known space. For all their skills,  
the slaves could not approach the  
gateway in their own persons, but  
once they learnt its secret we were  
built, the Gundan robots, to wage  
war on them.

DOCTOR: Gundans, eh?

RORVIK:                   And the secret of  
the Gateway is....?

GUNDAN:                   The secret of the  
Gateway is --

(AN AXE, APPARENTLY FROM  
OUT OF NOWHERE, SMASHES  
INTO THE GUNDAN, SEVERING  
ITS ELECTRICAL  
CONNECTIONS. IN A  
VIOLENT BLUE AURA THE  
GUNDAN SHUDDERS TO A HALT  
AND DISINTEGRATES INTO A  
HEAP OF TANGLED METAL.

ALL EYES TURN.

SOMETHING IS MOVING IN  
THE SHADOWS. ONE OF THE  
OTHER WORKING GUNDANS IS  
MAKING FOR THE NEAREST  
MIRROR)

DOCTOR:                   Stop that Gundan!

(RORVIC'S PARTY LOOK  
TOWARDS RORVIK)

RORVIK:                   Move!

(PACKARD, LANE, NESTOR,  
SAGAN AND TWO OTHER  
CREWMEN RUN TOWARDS THE  
GUNDAN, PILING ONTO ITS  
BACK.

BUT THE ROBOT STUMBLES  
INEXORABLY TOWARDS THE  
MIRROR.

RORVIK RUNS TO THEIR AID,



HANGING ON TO ONE OF THE  
GUNDAN'S ARMS.

THE BURDENED GUNDAN GIVES  
A MIGHTY HEAVE AND HURLS  
RORVIK HARD AGAINST THE  
MIRROR.

THE GUNDAN STRUGGLES  
FORWARD, ADVANCING ON  
RORVIK AND THE MIRROR.

UNSTOPPABLY THE GUNDAN  
REACHES THE MIRROR:

AND -- ASTONISHINGLY --  
PASSES STRAIGHT THROUGH  
IT, LEAVING THE RORVIK  
AND HIS CREW IN AN ORGY  
OF FLAILING LIMBS)

DOCTOR:                   Come on, K9

WITH A GLANCE AT RORVIK AND HIS  
CREW, THE DOCTOR SLIPS AWAY INTO AN  
ADJACENT CORRIDOR, K9 FOLLOWING)

27. INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE PRIVATEER.  
DAY.

(ROMANA LIES IN HER  
HARNESS, WEAK FROM THE  
USELESS ATTEMPT TO  
ESCAPE.

SHE MAKES A FINAL EFFORT  
BEFORE SINKING BACK IN A  
STATE OF EXHAUSTION)

28. INT. THE STOREROOM OF THE PRIVATEER.  
DAY.

(AS FROM THE POINT OF  
VIEW OF WHATEVER CREATURE  
LIES ON THE TROLLEY, ITS  
SHADOWY HIRSUTE HAND  
COMES INTO VIEW AND TEARS  
BACK THE SHROUD.

FROM NOW ON THE IMAGE  
REPRESENTS THE POINT OF  
VIEW OF THE CREATURE, AS,  
ACCOMPANIED BY HEAVY AND  
DIFFICULT BREATHING, IT  
STRUGGLES UPRIGHT)



29. INT. THE OLD BANQUETING HALL. DAY.

(RORVIK'S CREW ARE  
GETTING TO THEIR FEET AND  
BRUSHING THEMSELVES  
DOWN.

RORVIK HIMSELF IS  
EXAMINING THE MIRROR.

PACKARD JOINS RORVIK,  
REACHING OUT A HAND TO  
TOUCH THE SILVER  
SURFACE)

PACKARD:           There's a way out  
through there.

RORVIK:           If you know the  
trick.

PACKARD:           We'll have to work  
it out, then.

RORVIK:           That Doctor knows.  
[TURNING TO THE CREW] Find him!

30. INT. THE CORRIDOR OF THE PRIVATEER.  
DAY.

(WE ARE MOVING THROUGH  
THE CORRIDOR, SEEING IT  
FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF  
THE PAINFULLY STRUGGLING  
CREATURE.

ITS HARD-WON GASPS OF  
BREATH ACCOMPANY THE  
JOLTING PICTURE)

31. INT. A PASSAGE OFF THE OLD BANQUETING  
HALL. DAY.

(RORVIK AND HIS MEN FAN  
OUT AROUND THE HALL,  
THEIR WEAPONS POISED)

NESTOR:                   There he is!

(HE POINTS UP AT THE  
MINSTRELS' GALLERY. WE  
GLIMPSE THE DOCTOR'S HAT  
AND SCARF SCURRYING  
PAST)

RORVIK:                   Get him!



32. INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR OF THE PRIVATEER.  
DAY.

(THE STENTORIAN BREATHING  
OF THE ADVANCING CREATURE  
CONTINUES.

WE PASS A PARTIALLY OPEN  
DOOR LEADING OFF THE  
CORRIDOR.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR ARE TWO  
HALF-FILLED BAGS OF  
RUBBISH, BESIDE WHICH  
LEAN A PAIR OF LAZY TONGS  
OF THE KIND USED BY  
INVALIDS TO EXTEND THEIR  
REACH.

INSIDE THE ROOM WE  
GLIMPSE ALDO AND WALDO  
RELAXING OVER STEAMING  
CUPS OF SOME BEVERAGE.  
THEY ARE TAKING ONE OF  
THEIR MANY BREAKS DURING  
THEIR RUBBISH COLLECTING  
SHIFT.

CONTINUING THE POINT OF  
VIEW OF THE CREATURE, WE  
MOVE ON PAST THEM)

34. INT. A PASSAGE OFF THE OLD BANQUETING  
HALL. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND K9 HURRY  
ALONG THE CORRIDOR.

CLEARLY K9 IS IN SOME  
DIFFICULTY, AND IS  
SLOWING THE DOCTOR DOWN)

35. INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE PRIVATEER.  
DAY.

(ROMANA, IMPRISONED IN  
THE HARNESS, IS LISTENING  
WITH GROWING APPREHENSION  
TO THE APPROACHING  
SOUND)



36. INT. THE OLD BANQUETING HALL. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR HAS DOUBLED BACK, AND NOW CROSSES THE APPARENTLY EMPTY BANQUETING HALL, HEADING FOR THE EXIT.

K9 FOLLOWS AT A PAINFULLY SLOW PACE)

DOCTOR:                      Come on, K9. Nearly there.

(SUDDENLY, FROM BEHIND THE PILLARS, RORVIK'S CREW EMERGE.

THE DOCTOR SWEEPS ROUND IN A CIRCLE AND HEADS BACK THE WAY HE CAME, NEARLY TRIPPING OVER K9.

THE CREW CLOSE ON THE DOCTOR)

37. INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE PRIVATEER.  
DAY.

(WE CONTINUE THE POINT OF  
VIEW OF THE ADVANCING  
CREATURE, NOW ALMOST  
WITHIN REACH OF ROMANA.  
FOR THE FIRST TIME SHE  
SENSES AN ALIEN PRESENCE  
ON THE BRIDGE)

38. INT. THE OLD BANQUETING HALL. DAY.

(RORVIK'S CREW ARE  
CLOSING ON THE DOCTOR IN  
A TIGHT SEMI-CIRCLE,  
DRIVING HIM BACK AGAINST  
ONE OF THE MIRRORS.

SUDDENLY RORVIC APPEARS,  
STARTLING THE DOCTOR, WHO  
TRIPS OVER K9.

IN ATTEMPTING TO STOP  
HIMSELF FROM FALLING HE  
REACHES OUT WITH HIS  
INJURED HAND TO STEADY  
HIMSELF AGAINST THE  
MIRROR)



39. INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE PRIVATEER.  
DAY.

(THE CAMERA REPRESENTING  
THE CREATURE'S POINT OF  
VIEW ADVANCES QUICKLY  
TOWARDS ROMANA, LOOMING  
OVER HER AT A MENACING  
ANGLE.

SHE OPENS HER MOUTH.

HER TERRIFIED SCREAM  
REVERBERATES THROUGH THE  
FOLLOWING TWO SCENES)

40. EXT. THE VOID. DAY.

(ADRIC IN THE TOTAL  
WHITE-OUT IS ABOUT TO  
SPIN HIS COIN.

HE SEEMS TO HEAR ROMANA'S  
SCREAM, PAUSES FOR A  
MOMENT, THEN DISMISSES IT  
BEFORE COMPLETING THE  
TOSS)

41. INT. THE OLD BANQUETING HALL. DAY.

(JUST AS THE DOCTOR'S  
HAND WOULD SEEM TO TOUCH  
THE REFLECTIVE SURFACE IT  
CONTINUES STRAIGHT ON.  
HE FALLS THROUGH HIS OWN  
REFECTION, TO BE  
SWALLOWED IN THE DEPTHS  
BEYOND.

ON THIS SIDE OF THE  
MIRROR HIS SCARF FALLS TO  
THE FLOOR.

K9 STARES AT IT, HIS EYES  
BLINKING IN BAFFLEMENT)

TELECINE 35mm

Suppose Cam

Closing  
Titles

END TELECINE 35mm